

## Devil's Boneyard

Painful memories buried way down deep  
conjure up the mojo that I should have let sleep  
oh the Tennessee spirits hit me way to hard  
painful memories digging in the devil's bone yard

when the whisky starts working on me  
I can't help but feeling lonely  
her ghost hits me like a shovel to the face  
it knocks me down and haunts me  
its misery that taunts me  
why did I come Here in the first place

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you feel the rumble of a train that's coming  
don't be hanging on the tracks  
every time I get her halfway forgotten  
something brings them back